

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorne, a brewers horse, the inside of a Church. Company, villanous company hath bene the spoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, sing me a bawdie song, make me merry. I was as vertuously giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough, swore little, dic't not aboue seuen times a week, went to a bawdy house not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued well, and in good compasse, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

Bar. Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needs be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amend my life: thou art our Admirall, thou bearest the lanterne in the poope, but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be sworne, I make as good vse of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a memento mori. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my othe should bee, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the sonne of viter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horse, if I did not thinke that thou hadst bin an ignis fatuus, or a ball of wilde-fire, there's no purchase in mony. O, thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euermore bone-fire light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Links and Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: but the sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamander of yours, with fire, any time this two & thirtie yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. Godamercy, so should I be sure to be heart-burnt.

How

How now, dame Partlet the hen yet who pickt my pocket?

Hof. Why sir Iohn, what do you I keepe theeues in my house? I have haz my husband, man by man, the tigh of a haire was neuer lost.

Fal. Yelie, Hostesse, Bar. haire: and Ile be sworne, my pocket woman, go.

Hof. Who I? No, I defie thee in mine owne house before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well.

Hof. No, sir Iohn, you do not sir Iohn, you owe me mony, sir I tell to beguile me of it: I bought backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy doulas. kers wiues, they haue made boult.

Hof. Now as I am a true woman, owe mony here besides, sir Iohn, and mony lent you, xxiiij. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let.

Hof. He? alas, he is poore, he has.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon them coyne his nose, let them coynier: what, will you make a yonke ease in myne Inne, but I shall haue scale ring of my grandfathers, wo.

Hof. O Iesus! I haue heard the lost, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a Iack were here, I would cudgell him.

Enter the Prince marching,

playing on his trumpet.

Fal. How now, lad? is the win all march?

Bar. Yea, two, and two, New.

Hof. My Lord, I pray you he